banana, fried rice and so forth, and watch the results from a distance. The monkeys when they chanced to pass that way, finding such delicious fruits and things placed there for them to eat, would go near and thrust their hands immediately into those narrow-necked pots fixed to the ground, each clutching at a handful of those morsels. But our poor monkey did not know that this lavish display of dainties was only but a cunningly laid trap and not his dinner table. Our monkey knew only how to insert his hands into those pots, but not how to get them out; like Abhirnanyu who knew how to enter the * 'Chakra byuham'' or the well-guarded military array of his enemy's camp, but not how to come out of it. The poor monkey would neither let go the handful of eatables that he had managed to lay hands on, nor would he get freed from his self-imposed "fix", screeching and howling all the while in the piteous and miserable plight of one who "does not know what to do*\ Such, indeed* seemed to be the condition of my *'supernal brother**

who had
caught hold of the coin, a thing that
was real
earthly stuff with all the terrestrial
properties of
i&atter inherent in it^ and no magic;
what was